

# Bard

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Bard

= = = = =

Woke in the dark  
so quiet I could hear  
the saliva drying in my mouth  
a soft assortment of  
the roaming tiny creatures  
that make up me.  
They play as I sleep  
the way mice celebrate a house  
when no one bothers them—  
small moves, small sounds,  
the huge dark.

30 August 2012

= = = = =

Let us be afraid of one another  
for we have power  
and the power you have  
overwhelms me when I try  
to treat you like a person in the world—  
the same for you about me.  
We damage one another  
by trying to be natural.  
We have to work this through  
or wind up one more sad old myth.

30 August 2012

= = = = =

We have so little access  
to the ancestors.  
Even their language is lost  
in us. Maybe only the breath  
keeps track of them  
a little. Maybe some of them  
some of the time breathe in us.  
Maybe they say what we say.  
But how do you know  
a grandfather is speaking,  
or which one, how far back,  
when you wake with a strange word in your mouth?

30 August 2012

= = = = =

Because you never  
and I never

the sun's reluctant  
to come out

but then it does  
a blaze of it

scorches us  
with forgiveness

and I can be at peace  
with all I didn't.

30 August 2012

= = = = =

Let them be lonely  
while they last  
the prince decided  
before his mirror—

only men—and none  
too young at that—  
know how to use that glass,  
they see what is to come

and let it, or turn  
mindfully away  
to some poetic  
consolation prize,

art, religion, love.

31 August 2012

= = = = =

Wield the body  
as if the mind  
had just come down  
to live in it—

awkward grace  
faithful as a shadow  
walk that way  
and never leave the stage.

31 August 2012

= = = = =

What we learn from our devices:

update the mind at waking

check to see if any

part of me has left a message.

Any new applications for the brain?

Adjust brightness of the eye,

make sure the soul is connected.

Delete the water residue of night.

31 August 2012



= = = = =

Castigate the mirror? I will not give it the satisfaction, I have not looked at one in days. One, I say, as if all mirrors saw, or showed, the same. Hypothesis readily doubted: I never look the same. Always a different me. Or is it the wall or cabinet the mirror's on, the room, the tawdry ethnic washrooms, the gleaming plate glass at Bergdorf's, where I pretend to examine an incomprehensibly expensive autumn ensemble, but in reality gaze into the glassy eye of that other mannequin, myself on the sidewalk, a feral creature born to look in.

31 August 2012

= = = = =

It's pretty  
as we used to say  
groovy being me.  
Making do  
with what's around.  
A loner  
among stoners,  
waiting for a new  
religion,  
a box of you.

31 August 2012

**SOLOMON**

again,  
this time singing.

*Angel us*  
*to demon street*  
*wing the bell*  
*to peel the ape.*

Girls attend his song,  
and Greeks from Smyrna  
imported to admire  
in fluent prose  
his merest raptures—  
what matter if their  
alphabet makes him  
dizzy with its swirls,  
they keep the record  
for posterity,  
who is the cutest  
dancing girl of all.

2.

Or is it he?  
Could another  
fit that velvet  
crown or bear

the splendor of  
the ruby in it?  
*None of my wives*  
*is my wife*  
*my true wife*  
*is yet to come*

that sounds like him,  
the king himself,  
who else could sing  
*always arriving*  
*never here*  
and be so glad of it?  
He puts a brave  
face on loss  
and calls it you.

31 August 2012

= = = = =

What I learned from the decimal system:

put a little dot

after everything

and roll some circles out

so anything after them

gets smaller and smaller

till finally I reach

a number I can handle

far off in the distance

the ten millionth part of now.

31 August 2012

= = = = =

Vote for miracles.

The sun

                    was like you once,  
a chance remark in the noosphere  
overheard by gravity.

And it came down  
to warm us and blind us  
and make us dependent on  
seeds it summons from the ground.

So being is inexplicable,  
life a riddle. Only death  
holds the explanation.  
Bother death for an answer,  
prod at death  
till it finally speaks.

31 August 2012

(first poem composed in Shafer House)